

The Children's Paper

SEPTEMBER 1923 T. NELSON & SONS, LTD. TWOPENCE



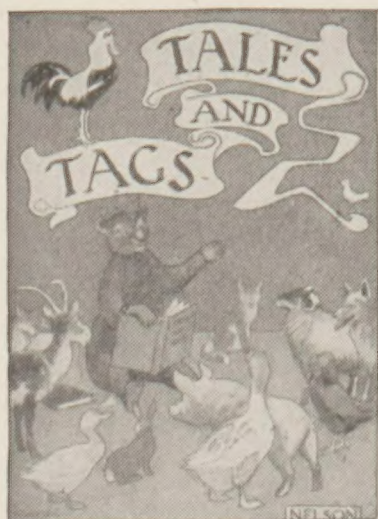
"QUALITY
AND
FLAVOUR"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

MADE UNDER
IDEAL CONDITIONS

NELSON'S PICTURE BOOKS



LARGE BOARD PICTURE BOOKS.

3s. 6d. NET.

Abundantly illustrated in colour and black and white. Amusing and interesting reading matter. Size of "The Chummy Book," with coloured wrappers.

THE FAIRY BOOK.
GOOD-NIGHT STORIES.
NICE STORIES.

TALES AND TAGS.
WEE FOLK STORIES.
ROUND THE FIRE STORIES.

NURSERY RHYMES AND FABLES.
LITTLE FOLKS' STORY PICTURE BOOK.
SUNNY STORIES.

LARGE SIZE BOARD BOOKS. 2s. NET.

Striking bindings. Six coloured plates in each book.
Large type, full of illustrations, and very simple.

LITTLE CHUMS.
FAIRYLAND.
STORIES FOR TINY TOTS.
BABY'S BOOK.
MOTHER GOOSE.

CHUBBY CHILDREN.
THE SNOW QUEEN.
THE BETTY BOOK.
HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.
BLAM'S BOOK OF FUN.



A NEW SERIES OF PAINTING BOOKS.

1s. NET.

Specially designed to be very simple and attractive in subject and colouring.
Hours of entertainment in each book.

THE PARTY PAINTING BOOK.
SHIP AND TRAIN PAINTING BOOK.

MY EASY PAINTING BOOK.
ANIMAL PAINTING BOOK.

T. NELSON AND SONS, Ltd., London and Edinburgh

RANKIN'S
HEAD OINTMENT

The School Scourge. Nits and vermin in the hair are the commonest means of communicating disease. Rankin's Head Ointment kills them instantly. 4d., 8d., & 1/3 of all chemists. Try "RANKO" INSECT POWDER for Fleas, Beetles, and all insect pests. 3d., 6d., & 1/- tins.

Rankin & Co., Kilmarnock. Established over 100 years.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED
WHITE
& BLUE

FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

SEPTEMBER 1923

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Flight of Lieutenants Parer and M'Intosh across the World*

By JOHN BUCHAN

DURING the Great War there were thousands of hurried journeys made by airmen in the course of their military duties, and since November 1918 there have been many adventurous flights against time, in competition for this or that prize. But the story I propose to tell is, to my mind, wilder and more inconceivable than any episode in the history of aircraft in the War. It was not strictly a journey against time, for though the two airmen began by intending to compete in the Australian Flight competition, they were not able to leave Britain till Sir Ross Smith had reached Port Darwin. But the element of haste was not wanting, for all they possessed was a condemned comic-opera machine, which was rapidly going to pieces on their hands. Mr. Kipling has told the story of the tramp *Bolivar*, and of how that unseaworthy hulk was brought across the Bay in a state of impending dissolution. But if the *Bolivar* "bluffed the eternal sea," D.H.9 for seven months bluffed the powers of the air, and flew, a derelict 'bus, 15,000 miles over land and water. It seems to me the craziest adventure that ever, by habitually taking the one chance in ten thousand, managed to succeed.

Lieutenant Raymond John Paul Parer was the son of a shopkeeper in Melbourne, a small, slight, dark man with a considerable turn for mechanics. During the War he was employed at training aerodromes in Britain, and was accustomed to fly new machines across to France. Lieutenant John Cowe M'Intosh was a large, raw-boned Scot from Banffshire with a rugged masterful face, who had served through the war with the Australian forces. To begin with he knew nothing about air mechanics, and picked up the science as he went along. The two, being in England after the Armistice, made up their mind to fly back to Australia. They had no money, and it occurred to them that they might earn the £10,000 prize by entering for the Australia Flight competition. They received very little encouragement from

the Air Ministry, for both men were wholly unpractised in long-distance flights, and had no previous knowledge of the route or of any language but their own. They managed, however, to raise from a friend a little money, and with this they purchased from the Disposals Board a single-engined two-seater D.H.9 bombing machine, their intention being to carry extra petrol in place of bombs. The engine was a Siddeley-Puma of 240 h.p. Complete ignorance in their case was the parent of courage. They were roughly aware of the possible stages by which they might take their route, and resolved to nose their way from one to another and trust to luck. It was like a man in an ill-found and leaky small boat starting to cross the stormy Atlantic. Almost every part of their machine had some bad fault or other of which they were vaguely aware and expected further news.

They were not long in getting it. On January 8, 1920, they left Hounslow, intending to make the first landing at Paris. But a contrary wind and a thick fog forced them to land at Conteville, and when they reached Paris their petrol pump failed and compelled them to wait three days. After that they flew to Lyons, where the pump gave trouble again and delayed them another two days.

Then came the Gulf of Genoa. But they had hardly started when their oil ran out and they were compelled to return and fly 100 miles along the Italian coast without oil pressure, looking for a landing-place. Italy presented a series of mischances. The weather was abominable, and they crossed the Apennines at a height of 14,000 feet. There they were almost frozen, and for two and a half hours could see nothing of the ground. Later, at an altitude of 3,000 feet, their machine caught fire, and they were compelled to cut off the petrol and side-slip to land.

Brindisi was at length reached, and they had to face the crossing of the Adriatic. Somehow or other they reached Athens, where they had more engine trouble, and then staggered on to Crete. From Crete they flew the 220 miles of the Mediterranean to

* From *A Book of Escapes and Hurried Journeys*, by kind permission.

Mersa Matruh in Western Egypt, and eventually, on 21st February, reached Cairo.

The scheduled flying time from England to Cairo is under forty hours; but the trip had taken them forty-four days. They had now established the routine of their journey, which was to break down every day or two, and then patch up the machine with oddments sufficient to carry it to the next landing-place, where it fell to pieces again.

For four days at the Helouan aerodrome the two laboured at their crazy 'bus. Their propeller was defective; there were endless carburation troubles; the bolts — propeller, bearer, and cylinder—were always working loose; magnetos, oil filters, everything, were imperfect; the instruments were always failing, especially the air-speed indicator. And they had flown all the way to Egypt without cleaning their plugs!

On 26th February they set off again, making a bee-line for Bagdad — a direct flight which no airman had ever before accomplished. For the enterprise, and still more for the continuation of the

journey to Australia, they had no assets whatever, except a letter of authority from the General Officer Commanding R.A.F. Depots, which entitled them to draw for petrol on any depot along the route between Cairo and Delhi. It did not seem on the remote edge of possibility that much use would be made of that letter.

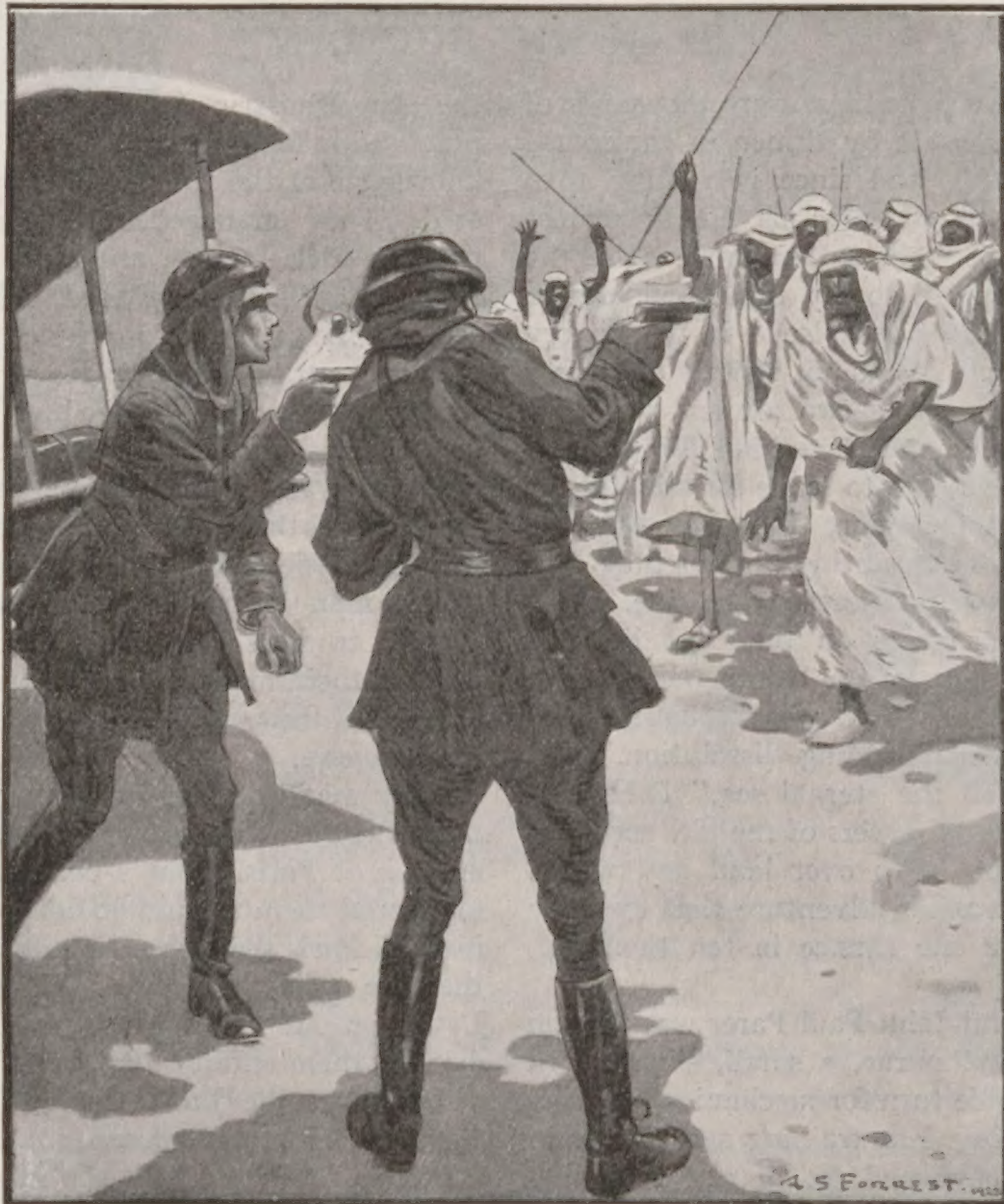
Nevertheless that day they crossed the desert of Sinai and landed safely at Ramleh. Thence they shaped their course across Arabia, an adventure in which, as we have seen, they were in the strictest

sense pioneers. The weather changed to their disadvantage, and they drove on into head winds and heavy sheets of rain. A breakdown in the midst of the desert meant either starvation or robbery, and probably murder, by Arab tribes, and sure enough the breakdown came. They were compelled to make a forced landing in the evening, and had to spend the night on the ground by their machine. In the early morning they observed a crowd of Arabs approaching with obviously hostile intent. But the two

airmen, having dared so much, were not to be awed by casual Bedouin. They happened to have some Mills bombs aboard, and with these and their revolvers they routed the enemy and kept him at bay until such time as they could start again.

Bagdad was reached eventually, entirely by luck and not at all by good guiding. There they were welcomed by the British air posts, and speeded on their way across Baluchistan and the Gulf of Kutch to Karachi, which they reached without mishap on 8th March. In India they fell in with Captain G. C. Matthews of the

Australian Flying Corps, and in his Sopwith machine "Wallaby" he accompanied them across the peninsula to Delhi, where they had a busy time patching up D.H.9. The old relic was suffering from almost every ailment to which an aeroplane is subject. For one thing the central section was beginning to rise above the level of the wings, and they could only remedy the defect by packing with iron washers. The fabric, through constant exposure, was rotten, and the coats of ordinary motor-car paint with which it



A CROWD OF ARABS APPROACHED.



had been treated were peeling off in great patches. It was breaking away, too, all along the ribs, and they had to renew it there as best they could. Their first propeller had been damaged by taking off from the desert sands and had been renewed at Bagdad. Every assistance was given them by the R.A.F. officers in India, but it was not easy to patch up the unpatchable.

From Delhi they flew safely across the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon, but were compelled to make a forced landing in thick forest on the bank of the Irawaddy river, which did not improve the condition of D.H.9.

On 4th April they reached Rangoon and flew on another hundred miles to Moulmein. There, however, D.H.9 struck work. It crashed, and was so seriously damaged that they had to sit down quietly for no less than six weeks before they could resume their journey. Everything all at once seemed to dissolve into its parent elements. Their compasses were crocked; their radiator was in pieces; the under-carriage had at last collapsed completely, and the new propeller acquired at Bagdad was destroyed. Happily they managed to get a propeller of the Caproni type from a depot established there by the organizers of the Rome-Tokio flight. But the propeller had been designed for a 300 h.p. Fiat, and the result of fitting it to a 240 h.p. Siddeley-Puma meant a serious over-running of the engine. It was found, too, that the diameter of the Caproni "boss" was much larger than that of the D.H.9 shaft, so the gap was blocked with a Burmese wood which is so heavy that it will not float and so hard that it blunts the sharpest tool. A new under-carriage was constructed out of a tough, close-grained native timber, which they bought from a local Chinaman. The wood was seasoned in an oven, and the new under-carriage was modelled from the assembled debris of the old one. They improvised a new radiator by taking a couple of ordinary "Overland" motor-car radiators and bolting them together!

Thus equipped, after six weeks' delay they started again, but presently they had another crash—a nose-dive in Batavia. This meant another delay, and a fourth propeller was got through the efforts of the British consul and the Dutch authorities. But before they left Dutch territory they had still another mishap, and a fifth propeller had to be found. Here the Dutch Air Force came to the rescue. They sent to their depot 400 miles away for spares, and provided a new under-carriage. Moreover, they lent the travellers two air mechanics, who worked under their supervision and managed to bring D.H.9 into some semblance of working order.

Meantime through these weeks of sojourn in tropical lands the machine had been converted into a sort of menagerie, and various strange animals made the fuselage their home, and only showed themselves in mid air. Among the beasts which thus added themselves to the party were bear cubs, a selection of lizards, several snakes, a whole congregation of rats and mice, and a baby alligator!

The next stage of the journey—the flight to Australia over 400 miles of sea—was the most anxious of all. It began unpromisingly, for D.H.9 had great difficulty in getting over the mountains of the island of Timor. When the ocean was reached the travellers discovered that they had lost their bearings; but the intrepid pair pushed on boldly into the unknown. For eight hours they journeyed in the void, and when their oil was almost run out they were at last greeted by the sight of land. On the last day of July, with one pint of petrol left, they landed at Fanny Bay in the Northern Territory. Next morning, the 1st of August, they reached Port Darwin.

They had achieved the journey to Australia, but their troubles were not over. They struggled on to Sydney, where, at the Mascot aerodrome on 22nd August, they were welcomed by an immense crowd of nearly 20,000 people. But Melbourne was their goal, and on the journey to Melbourne D.H.9 met its doom. At Culcairn it nose-dived into the earth at a speed of 70 miles an hour, and only the amazing luck of the travellers saved their necks. Another machine was provided for them, and on 31st August they finished their journey of 15,000 miles by reaching Flemington Racecourse at Melbourne. Accompanied by the battered remnants of D.H.9 they were officially welcomed by Mr. Hughes, the Commonwealth Prime Minister, to whom they presented a bottle of whisky, which they had brought with them intact from London. A day or two later they were formally received in Parliament Buildings and each presented with £500.

"The world is richer and better for what you have done," Mr Hughes told them, and he spoke the truth. Their achievement was like the attempts to ascend Mount Everest—utterly useless in any prosaic sense, but a vindication of the vigour and daring of the human spirit. The history of aircraft is only beginning, but it is not likely that it will show any feat more wildly temerarious than that of these two amateurs who drove a crazy machine through every type of weather and over every type of country from the snowy Apennines to the Malayan forests—always in difficulties, always resourceful and undaunted, till by sheer resolution they forced reluctant Fortune to yield to their importunity.

Bible Story

John, the Companion of Jesus

BY ROBERT BIRD

9. SEEKING THE HIGHEST PLACE

JOHN joined with the others in going to Jesus to complain that he had left his home at Bethsaida, and his trade as a fisherman, to follow Jesus, and what was he to get for it? With what pain of heart did Jesus hear this from the lips of His beloved disciple and cousin! What would He give to John for believing in Him? What was to be John's price, and the price of each of them? The heart of Jesus was bleeding from the wounds of His friends as He looked on them with pitying eyes. John had been with Him for three years, and had not yet learned that He had nothing to give but His life. Silver and gold He had none. Was this the result of three years' companionship with Him? What was John to get? Punishments in this world and rewards in the next, as Jesus had already told him. The last would be first, and the first last. They were not to expect anything as theirs by right. Jesus was going to Jerusalem to give Himself up to die, and yet they came round Him to ask how much this man and that man would get. When John thought of this in later life, he must have felt hot with shame, for on that road to the Jordan the sorrows heaped on Jesus' head were from the hands of friends.

Coming down to the gravelly edge of the river, John waded through the cold water, where many people were bathing before crossing. Hundreds of pilgrims were going up to the Passover festival, and most of them washed there and put on clean clothing, and some had to hasten up early to see the priests and give presents and get absolution before they would be allowed to attend the festival.

But John was not satisfied in mind. He could not believe that after these years spent in following Jesus he was to get nothing when the kingdom came. He was unable to reverse the teaching of his childhood. He could not cast out of his heart the belief that when the kingdom came Christ and His disciples would rise to the very top of the nation and live in palaces.

He heard Jesus tell a story which showed that His followers should not look for rewards; yet John did not apply the story to himself. The owner of the vineyard paid all his workers alike, whether they had worked one hour or twelve. Yet John believed he would soon be richly rewarded for his faithful service,

and that some would get much more than others. The women, too, who were with them had their minds filled with the rewards that would come when Jesus declared His kingdom in Jerusalem.

John and James talked with their mother about what they should do. Mary, the mother of Jesus, was her sister, and their children were cousins. Surely her sons had claims far stronger than any of the others. They deserved to get the highest places in the kingdom of Jesus that was now so near. She believed that in a few days Jesus would be sitting on a throne, with His disciples round Him, some in higher and some in lower places: a king and his officers. Her son John was the first to join Jesus, and all could see that he was the best beloved—there was none equal



JAMES AND JOHN REBUKED.

to him among the young men from Galilee; and James had joined Jesus the day after.

Was not Jesus her own sister's son? She had known Him from a child, and could speak with freedom. They had all heard Jesus tell openly and plainly what would happen at this coming Passover festival. He would go up to Jerusalem, notwithstanding the threatenings of the council; His glorious kingdom would come during the Passover week, and He would triumph over all His enemies.

John and James believed that now was the time to secure the great reward of their lives. They would be before the other disciples and get the highest places pledged to them. Taking their mother along with them, the two young men sought Jesus alone. She spoke for them, and asked first if Jesus would

grant whatever she might ask. But He would not promise. She then asked that her sons should sit one on each side of Him in His kingdom. He replied sadly that John and James did not know what they were asking. Were they able to bear what He was about to bear? And when they answered yes, He told them they would indeed share His suffering; but to sit beside Him was not His to give. It would be given to them for whom it was prepared by His Father in heaven. John's heart was filled with disappointment; his mother's was shaken with fear. Would her sons be killed, for Jesus had spoken of death? Jesus said no more; sorrow filled His heart. He did not even rebuke them, His feelings were so wounded.



LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

When John was rebuked for quarrelling on the road to Capernaum about who should be greatest, he got a sharp lesson in humility; but it was soon forgotten. He had now received another, for he had not yet learned the spirit of his Master. John had two faults—a wish to be rich, and a wish to be in a high position.

The other disciples were no better, and their behaviour made Jesus feel more lonely and sorrowful than ever. When they heard what John had done they were very angry, and spoke to him passionately about it. They were in the country leading up to Jericho and the hills, and, as He had done on the road to Capernaum, Jesus walked in front of Himself. He could hear the voices of His closest friends

upbraiding one another, and quarrelling over what had taken place. Oh, when would they believe that he who would be first must be last, and that the greatest among them must be the least? When would they know that they were His children, and must love one another as He loved them? Walking onward to the death which He knew awaited Him, Jesus was indeed a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Turning round for a space, He told His disciples not to wish to rule over one another, for whoever would be greatest among them must be the servant of all.

John does not spare himself or others in telling the motives for which they followed Jesus, and the attempt he made to get the highest position. We feel keenly the loneliness of Jesus as He walked in front of His friends for the last time on His way to Jerusalem.

Harvest Time

“THEY are very busy here,” said Uncle George, as he went into the field with Frank, Tom, and Dolly.

And well might he say so, for the *whir* of the reaping-machine could be heard far away. Round the field it went, sweeping down the golden wheat. Following behind it were several girls, who twisted bands of straw and laid them on the ground. Behind these came women who quickly gathered up the cut wheat and placed it in bundles upon the bands. Then came men who bound these bundles into sheaves and tossed them aside. After these, again, came men who caught up the sheaves and placed them upright in bunches of six or eight. These bunches of sheaves they called “*stooks*.” Last of all came a huge rake drawn by horses, gathering up all the straws that were left. Every now and then the man that guided the rake pressed an iron bar, and whenever he did so, all the teeth of the rake rose up at once, and left a row of gathered straw on the field. Then a man came and bound them into rough sheaves as before.

All was work and bustle and noise. What with the whir of the reaping-engine, the girls singing as they worked, the larks singing in the sky, and the glorious autumn sun, the children thought the harvest-field was the most cheerful place they had ever seen.

“Why do you do that?” Frank asked a man who was fixing up the stooks. “Would it not be just as well if you left the sheaves lying on the ground until you cart them away?”

“Ah, no, Master Frank,” said the man, who knew him well, “that would never do. We must allow the

corn time to get dry, so we place the sheaves upright that the sun and wind may dry them; and so that any rain that falls may run down the stalks to the ground. When the sheaves are quite dry, we take them home to the stack-yard."

"How long does that take?" Frank asked.

"It all depends on the weather," the man replied. "If it keeps fine, they will be dry within a week. In rainy weather, sometimes the sheaves have to stand in the fields for some weeks. In the next field the crop was cut a week ago. They are taking it home now."

"And you build the sheaves into great stacks there?" said Tom.

"Yes, it is kept in stacks until we are ready to thresh it. You must all come over to the farm and see it being threshed into grain and straw some day."

"But why do you build it into stacks?" asked Frank.

"So that we may keep it through the winter, and thresh a stack at a time as we need it," the man replied. "It is threshed by passing it through a mill. At our farm the mill is turned by horses. At some farms there are mills turned by a great water-wheel. Sometimes a steam-engine comes and threshes the whole crop in the fields."

"And what do you do with it when it is threshed?" Dolly asked.

"When the corn is passed through the mill, it is so shaken up that all the grain is removed from the stalks. The grain comes out at one side of the mill and falls into sacks. The straw is tossed out at another part. We use the straw for bedding for horses and cows, and some kinds of straw we use for feeding them. The grain goes to the miller, who grinds it into flour. The flour goes to the baker, who bakes it into bread."

"Come along, boys!" Uncle George shouted from the next field. "We are going over to the farmyard to see the stacks made."

In the next field the farmer's men were loading a wagon with sheaves of corn. The sheaves were caught up by long pitch-forks and tossed on to the wagon. Here a man put them into a great square load. When this was done, the men lifted Dolly up, and she rode up to the farmyard on the top of the great load of sheaves.

In the stack-yard a large round stack was being built. A wooden frame was in the middle, and round this a man put the sheaves in a circle as they were thrown to him from the wagon.

"Now, boys," said Uncle George, "Dolly wants to know why sheaves are made with all the ears of corn at one end. Can you tell us?"

"Oh, that is easy," said Tom. "The sheaves have to stand in the field for a long time to dry. They could not stand up so well if they were made any other way. Besides, the ears of corn must be up from the ground, or they would be broken off."

"There is another reason," said Uncle George. "Look how the stack is being made. The top, or grain end of the sheaf is inside. The outside of the stack is made up of the cut ends of the straws. Thus the grain is kept secure from bad weather and thieving birds. Besides, the stack could not be made round in shape if they were placed in any other way. The bottom of the sheaf is much wider than the top."

In another part of the yard men were busy roofing the newly built stacks with straw. The straw roof was tied down with many ropes, also made of twisted straw, and then the stack was ready.

"What a lot of work there is in getting corn," said Frank.

"Ah, yes," said his uncle, "much more work than we have seen to-day. Think of the work done in the fields in spring, getting the land ready for seed—the work of ploughing, sowing, reaping, and threshing done by the farmer's men and horses—the work done by the rain and sun in growing and ripening the wheat—the work done by the miller and baker; and all this, Frank, that we may have a loaf of bread."

Two Prize Parodies

(See June Number, page 95)

How doth the little puppy dog
Wag his white stumpy tail;
But when you tread upon his toe,
Why, you should hear him wail!

How prettily he does his tricks
And begs for all the bones,
And tries so hard to pick up sticks,
He puffs and pants and groans.

JOAN EVELYNE DAVIDS (age 10),
6 Compayne Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W. 6.

How doth the little pussy-cat
Improve her shining nose,
And drink the milk which she doth get,
And ne'er doth splash her paws!

How prettily she seems to smile
Whene'er she's caught a mouse,
And purrs and sings when she is stroked,
And never seems to grouse.

ETHEL ATKINSON (age 11),
4 Halstead Street, Worsthorne, near Burnley, Lancs.



CHAPTER XII

GREAT NEWS

OF course Noel would never have let Ann and Con know any peace had they not promised, most faithfully, to go to the Cairn House directly after dinner to tell Mr. Trenaint of their discovery.

But sometimes even faithful promises have to be broken, and Noel himself heaved an impatient sigh when Uncle Bob cheerily demanded their company in his library. It was such a pity Uncle Bob could not wait for his chat till the evening, but they could not suggest it.

"I have two pieces of news for you," said Uncle Bob, with a twinkle in his eyes which seemed to be laughing at that badly hidden impatience. "Who can guess what they are?"

"They're nice pieces of news," replied Ann briskly, "because you look so pleased, Mr. Nunky; so I guess it is something to do with Mother and Father. *Are they going to be here for Christmas?*"

"A very clever guess," applauded her Uncle; and, to the best of my knowledge, Mother and Father *will* be here for Christmas."

"Hurrah!" cheered three gay voices. "Hurrah!"

"But," added Ann, wrinkling her forehead, "will there be room for them? All the bedrooms are full!"

"Con and I can sleep in the summer-house," retorted Noel. "If we have lots of rugs, I guess it will be fine. It's a good thing to rough it."

"Perhaps," suggested Uncle Bob mildly, "if you were to guess the second piece of news, you would find there was no need for roughing; though, I am sure, I should have enjoyed having you all here at Christmas."

Here was a conundrum, and Noel's face grew very long. "You don't mean to say," he groaned, "that we all have to go to *London* for Christmas? It would be too awful!"

"Aunt Cynthia would hate it, too," added Ann.

"She was delighted to see our backs," said Con. Uncle Bob chuckled. "Poor Cynthia!" he said. "I can imagine she did not find you *very* easy to entertain in London."

"Are we really going there for Christmas?" asked Noel.

Uncle Bob shook his head. "I won't keep you in suspense," he replied. "No; you are not going to spend Christmas with any old uncle or aunt. The fact is that Father and Mother are renting Mulgitton Farm from the Michaelmas quarter, and will be over about the beginning of November. Mrs. Quinnock is going to live with her married son at Penzance, so everything has been easy to settle. My dear bairns, have pity on my nerves—and furniture!"

For the children were not only cheering, but dancing the maddest of dances, taking "headers" into the easy chairs, twirling and clapping their hands, till it was a wonder Louisa did not come along with Amos to take them all to a lunatic asylum. It was only when Uncle Bob put on his hat and said he must be off to keep an appointment at the vicarage that they remembered their own important business.

How pleased Mr. Trenaint and Hal would be to hear of their staying.

"I don't think Cluny will care a snip," said Noel. "Last time I went to the Cairn House he took no notice of me at all. He adores Hal."

"Never mind," laughed Ann. "We can have a dog of our own when we get Mulgitton Farm. Hurrah! Do you remember the pond? I wonder if we shall have the same *cows*, and if Father will keep bees. And oh, Con, aren't you sorry you will have to wait a whole year before apricots and mulberries are ripe again?"

Con nodded. "I guess we'll have heaps of apples and pears," he replied. "Most of them were good 'keepers.'"

They met Mr. Trenaint just leaving the house, but when he suggested returning with his visitors to hear their errand, they would not allow it.

"If you were only going to explore," said Noel, "we can take you to the right place; but there's another bit of news to tell you first."

They did not ask Mr. Trenaint to guess, because they were all far too much like half uncorked ginger-beer bottles—ready to go off pop at any moment.

It was the news about Mulgitton Farm which popped out first; and it was nice of this quaint old friend to seem really pleased to hear those Sunshine children were going to be neighbours for so long.

Noel had to be the one to tell of *the* discovery. You could tell how delighted he was with his own news by the gloating way in which he told it. I am sure the finder of Aladdin's Cave could not have been more gleeful.

"We'll go at once," said Mr. Trenaint. "Wait, though; it will be better to provide ourselves with light—and tools. I *knew* a passage existed, but have searched in vain. This is great news."

Con would have liked to suggest a picnic in the Priest's Cave after exploration; he was quite sure they would all be dreadfully hungry! Unfortunately neither Mr. Trenaint nor Noel remembered such an important event, though Con had an idea that Ann's eyes were twinkling over something.

Mr. Trenaint was much more business-like than Dick or the Sunshine children, and he provided all the "exploring party" with a number of tools, etc., as well as electric torches for Ann and Con.

"You are sure your Uncle would not mind your coming?" he asked, and was eagerly assured that Uncle Bob would be delighted to hear of the expedition.

Noel was right in saying their old friend would be able to tell them more about the secret stair-passage than they knew themselves; for it appeared that he had studied the history of the monastery, and interested them all on their walk to the coast with the tale of how the fanatical old monks had used that "smugglers' stair" in carrying out their plottings with brethren abroad for the kidnapping of heretics, many of whom were spirited away from the Priest's Cave to the dungeons of the Inquisition.

Such stories added a great deal to the interest of these mysterious ruins, and actually made Con forget his hunger. Exploring with Mr. Trenaint

took much longer than it had done with Dick; but Ann had no fear this time of rocks falling on her head—she had so much more confidence in her guide.

And Mr. Trenaint, though he did not find boxes of gold or jewels, seemed more than satisfied with the discovery of certain quaint old letterings and carvings he found on the stones; little alcoves, too, had histories the children had not suspected—in fact, every small item discovered by the old antiquary helped in the weaving of old-time history. Here was the "ring"

by which the chains had been fastened for haulage; there was a ledge from which a sentry watched the approach of enemies; whilst the quaintly carved words each held a story of far-off days and mysterious ways.

It was actually growing dusk when, one by one, the party crawled out from Dick's "tod's hole" and stood, tired and dusty, amongst the ruins of the ivy-clad walls.

"Plenty of your airy-mice about, Ann," laughed Noel, pointing to the bats which whirled around.

"It must be long after tea-time," replied Ann slyly, looking at Con, "and Louisa will be tying up her head in flannel unless we have a good excuse for being late. Won't you come

home with us, Mr. Trenaint, to tea? Then you can tell Nunkie what a really exciting afternoon we have had."

There was great joy when their old comrade accepted.

And, after all, Uncle Bob had not been anxious one little bit, for he had had visitors. Sir Julian and Lady Polwillan! Sir Julian and Uncle Bob were old friends; but I don't think Lady Polwillan had ever quite approved of Uncle Bob's bachelor ways and his smiling refusal of her good



"MY DEAR BAIRNS, HAVE PITY ON MY NERVES—
AND FURNITURE."

advice about marrying. Lady Polwillan had actually discovered the ideal lady to make Uncle Bob happy, and could not altogether forgive the latter for not showing proper gratitude and obedience.

Yet to-day she had forgotten her former failure enough to be busy offering more advice, this time about those nephews and niece—especially the niece! It was all very well for boys, said her ladyship, to play about with fisher lads, but when it came to a little lady of Ann's age having tea and romping with just common village folk, it was *not* wise, and she was sure Ann's mother would agree. It did not give Ann a chance to know how to behave, etc.

Uncle Bob's whole attention had been given to the lecture he received, and he did not notice how uncomfortable poor Sir Julian was looking. When Lady Polwillan had finished there was a slight pause, then Uncle Bob answered in his gentle way.

"It is very kind of you to be so interested in my Sunshine children, Lady Polwillan," he said, "and you have been so frank that I feel you will quite understand and *like* me to be frank in return. I have lived all my life amongst Claudeen fisher folk, and I am sure my sister's boys and girl could learn nothing but good from them. They are simple, courteous, honest folk, fearing God and respecting not only their richer neighbours, but themselves. In describing such people the word 'common' jars, and is quite out of place. They are true men and women. In God's sight there can be no higher rank or higher praise."

Lady Polwillan got very red. "I had no idea you had such socialistic views, Mr. Bellfield," she replied, "or I should have had to refuse to let Pamela be friends with the little Winshaws. I do not agree with you at all. I think it is a great mistake to lose class distinctions."

And away swept the lady, followed by a resentful husband, who would have lingered to apologise, had not the appearance of the Sunshine children themselves—bringing Mr. Trenaint with them—checked discussion. Uncle Bob could not help smiling as he watched the cheery greeting of his young relatives, who shook hands, explaining in their merry way that they had got rather dusty in exploring!

"Capital fun, eh?" chuckled Sir Julian. "You must be wizards to have captured the chief explorer, though."

And he stifled a sigh as, after greeting Mr. Trenaint, he hurried after his wife. Poor Sir Julian! I think he was grieving that those grubby Sunshine children were not his own.

Uncle Bob did not say a word about Lady

Polwillan's lecture and disapproval. After all, he knew his three bairns would not be sorry to see no more of Pamela-Pride. Louisa was out, too, so it did not matter about tea being late; and oh! good Rose, what a jewel she was to think of sending in boiled turkey eggs for tea, with great plates of sensible bread and butter!

And Con was foremost in making up for lost time!

(To be continued.)

Some Prize Adventures

(See June Number, page 95)

I. An Adventure (True)

ONE dark and lonely night, when the whole African farm was lying in the intense silence of the veld, not a sound being heard but the occasional bleat of a lamb, a sudden stampeding of hoofs was heard as if some cattle were being chased, or as if they had escaped from the stalls or the stables. I thought all must hear it, but evidently not, as I afterwards found out. Seconds passed, and the noise of the stampeding faded away to a mere murmur which I knew meant danger.

My first thought was to call for my father, who dressed quickly whilst I got his horse ready. In a few minutes he was in the saddle and well away down the avenue. Now the household was awake and ready too.

In about a quarter of an hour he returned and said, "The oxen have reached the mealies." Nothing worse could have happened, because all farmers depend greatly upon their crops for money to pay their rent and taxes, etc. If hail or cattle or anything destroyed the crop it meant that all the year's working to make the ground fruitful—I mean by that the harrowing and tilling of the ground—would be wasted. It was a great loss to a farmer to lose his crops, either by hail or by cattle eating them.

As my father knew that he could not subdue them himself, he set out to the Kafir huts for help. The path leading to the huts was a Kafir one, and these sort of narrow paths are dangerous for a horse to travel on. One false step by the horse might have sent the two of them into a hole or a crevice.

When he reached the huts which were on the hill, he halloed the Kafir call, "Aie slapa lapa kia figa checho checho," so as to waken the sleepers

within. No reply was heard. He did the same again. This time about four natives peeped steadfastly out of the wee door like lightning, as they were startled by the shouting. Two of the above natives recognized their master and wakened the others. Presently there were about thirty male natives standing around. They were summoned to run immediately to the stables and take a horse each, as they were their own, and gallop to the house.

It was at this point my name came into this story, as I asked my father if I would be allowed to go also. When I asked him he replied, "Yes." So I also got my horse. I saw that every native had a horse, which each one must have against such fearful odds. Immediately, without the loss of one minute, we sped off at a gallop. Before we knew where we were we found ourselves in among the mealies; but the oxen were not in that part of the field, they were in the opposite side. We got our sticks and whips ready, and trotted to the other side of the field. As we neared we heard the munching and grunching of the oxen at the mealies, and we also heard several loud bellows. Now we were in the midst of them I lashed them with all my might, whilst all the rest did the same. Between the trampling of the horses and the trampling of the oxen I thought that there would not be much left in the end. My father, seeing that the whips did not produce much effect, took his gun and fired it into the air. Great was the result—the mass of animals made off. The natives gathered in a semi-circle and drove them homewards. Most of the oxen still ate a mealie-stalk, of which the stalk hung out of their mouths. It was a more easy matter getting them into the stables and stalls than getting them out of the mealies. In about a quarter of an hour they were all in the stalls for the remaining part of the night.

The African veld is the loneliest part of the world at midnight; and when men and cattle get mixed up amongst the ripe grain that is so precious to us, with only a glimpse of light to guide them, it is a terribly exciting and dangerous adventure.

JACK ALEXANDER URE (age 13),
10 Grenville Drive, Cambuslang.

2. A Lucky Escape

THE following adventure occurred in the month of December 1919. My father, mother, and myself were touring in the mountain at the back of Nice, in the south of France. We had stopped the car at the side of the road, on one side of which was

slippery wet grass, sloping down to a rocky ravine some 1,000 feet deep.

After a picnic lunch we all got back into the car. The road was not broad enough to turn round properly, so my father had to drive the car a little on to the grass. Just as the car was about to turn it suddenly began to slip down the incline. My father jammed on the brakes, but they were of no avail, and all the time we were slowly descending into the jaws of death! Mother and I managed to jump out of the car, and I, in doing so, slipped and rolled some 50 feet, but luckily I was able to dig my hand into a hole and so was stopped. Meanwhile my father was still in the car trying in vain to stop it. Suddenly he put all his weight on the steering wheel and managed with a tremendous effort to turn it just a little, which luckily brought it to a stop.

When my father at last got out of the car we were all white and trembling. Luckily, there was a piece of rope in the car, and this was quickly thrown down to me. I quickly slipped it round my waist, and was thus safely hauled up. When I arrived at the top I was covered with mud, which clung to my arms, legs, and dress.

"How ever are we going to get the car up?" asked my father, for it was half-way down the ravine. Just then I espied smoke rising from a little distance away, and quickly drew attention to it. "My goodness, Sheila, I believe you're right!" exclaimed my father, and quickly went for help. He returned presently with the entire male population of the tiny village, consisting of about twenty men and boys, bringing with them chains and ropes.

My father stayed behind with them to give orders, but mother and I went to a neighbouring monastery, where we were given hot coffee by the kindly monks.

SHEILA SCULLY (age 12),
Challens Yarde, Midhurst, Sussex.

Motto for September

Do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things in life.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Sent in by VERA BRIDLE,
Gweedore, Sandbanks Road, Parkstone, Dorset,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



HAROLD was talking to his neighbour, Alice, one day through the fence. She said to him, "And so your little baby brother can talk now?" "Yes, he can say some words very well." "How nice! What words are they?" "I don't know. I never heard any of them before."

✦ ✦ ✦

SOME American farmers had been boasting about the size of their respective farms, when one of them said: "Well, really, my farm is so extensive that I can give you no real idea of its actual size; but there are three sawmills on the estate which are driven by the buttermilk which is left over!"

✦ ✦ ✦

AN absent-minded professor, in going out of the gateway of his college, ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment, he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after, he stumbled against a lady in the street. In sudden recollection of his former mishap, he called out, "Is that you again, you brute?"

✦ ✦ ✦

THE newspaper types sometimes distort perfectly commonplace bits of news into most extraordinary statements. For example, a country weekly recently printed this startling announcement: "Mr. and Mrs. John Clarkson of Strawberry Hill are the parents of any infant daughter born on Thursday last."

✦ ✦ ✦

Examiner (in a school near Salisbury). "Well, my boy, can you tell me what vowels are?"

Boy. "Vowls, zir? Ess, of course I can."

Examiner. "Tell me then, what are vowels?"

Boy (grinning at the simplicity of the question).

"Vowls, zir? Why, vowls be chickens."

THINGS TO MAKE



A Paper Merry-go-round

MAKE a piece of stiff paper about two feet square and fold it three times, first in halves, as in Fig. 1; then, with the folded edge toward you, in three parts, by laying the left half of the edge on the right dotted line and by laying the right half of the folded edge on

the left dotted line, now covered; then in halves again. Cut off the top part along the dotted line.

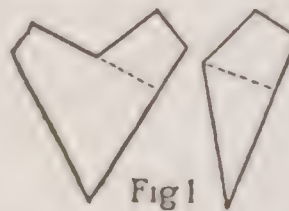


Fig 1

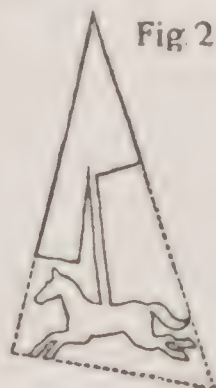


Fig 2

Draw the lines and the horse indicated in Fig. 2, then cut carefully along the lines, open the paper and press it flat, as in Fig. 3. Cut off the horses that are facing

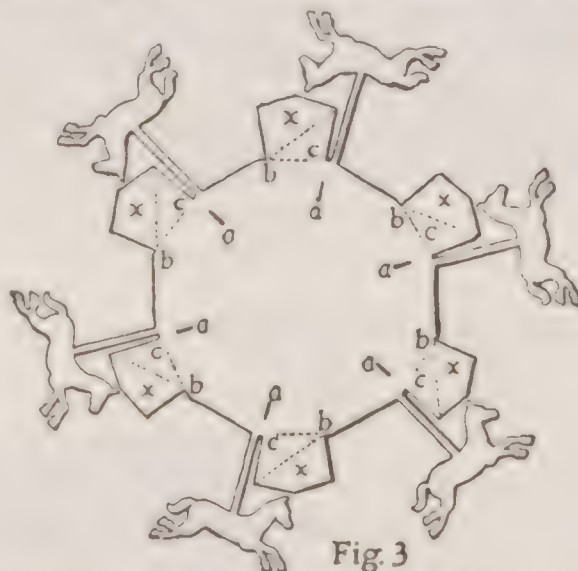
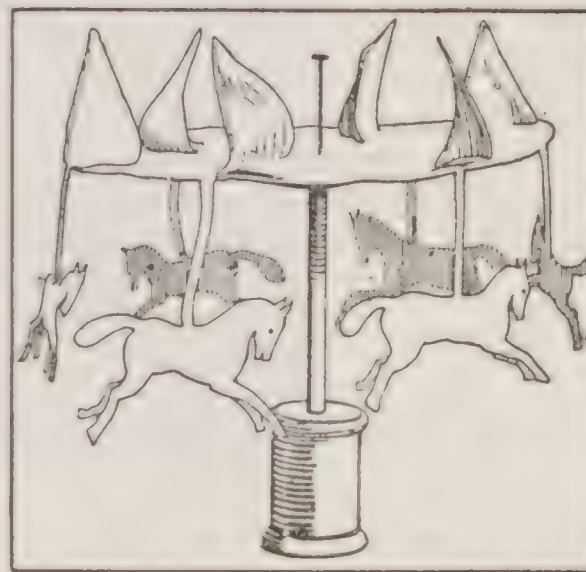


Fig 3

the wrong way and the pieces marked *x*; cut along the lines *b c* and cut the slits *a*. Then bend up the flaps at *c* and slip the points *b* into the slits *a*. That



makes the wings. Cut a round piece of cardboard the size of the large circle of paper, paste it on the under side of the paper and stick a pin through the centre and into a pencil. Stick the pencil into an empty spool, bend down the horses and blow gently into the wings, and the merry-go-round will spin.

Gems from the Poets

The Moon

WHEN over the hill the shadows fly
And the wind of March goes roaring by,
In the morning sky all white and blue,
The moon like a boat goes sailing through;
Driving along, tossed and rolled,
Till she tumbles her cargo out of the hold,
And all the showers and the April flowers
Fall to the earth in silver and gold.

In nights of June, when the merry lark
Has hardly an hour to rest in the dark,
When the toad's abroad, and the chafer hums,
The moon with a yellow lantern comes
To guide all soft little feet that roam,
To light the moth and the beetle home;
And the cricket sees to sing at his ease,
And the rabbit his hair to brush and comb.

In Autumn low in the west is seen
The moon with her sickle glittering keen.
And first, with her bright and narrow horn
She reaps the rows of the rustling corn.
But when they have carried the last grey sheaf,
She comes in the night like a garden thief,
And cuts down dead the dahlia bed
And cleans the trees of the last red leaf.

In winter dusk, all sullen and red
The moon comes up, like a fire half-dead,
With never a spark of cheer to warm
The birds that mope in the Christmas storm.
But still the lark and the cricket know
Of a day when a joyful wind shall blow
To kindle her fire to the heart's desire,
When the Midsummer Moon thro' the stars shall go.

JOHN HALSHAM. (By permission.)

Golden Rules

IN batting, hold your bat upright,
Play every ball with all your might.

In bowling, never exceed your strength,
Keep straight, but vary pace and length.

In fielding, put two hands to the ball;
A butter-fingers is worst of all.

From *The Boy's Own Paper*.

Picture Children

5. Tears and Laughter

MANY girls and boys do not like to read poetry, but when they grow older, there are some beautiful poems they begin to understand, and to read with pleasure. One of the first poems they will learn to love is "The Deserted Village." It was written by Oliver Goldsmith, a great poet who was born at Pallas, in Ireland, when George the Second was king.

In "The Deserted Village" Goldsmith has given us stories of life in the country, some of them pleasing, some of them sad. He tells us of the joys and sorrows of the village people, and makes us see quite clearly the cottages and farms and gardens, "the never-failing brook, the busy mill," the church, and the seat under the hawthorn where the old people used to rest and talk.

Then he tells us about the sports upon the village green, about "the playful children just let loose from school," and about the poor old woman who in summer gathered watercress from the stream to sell, that she might buy bread.

Another part of this poem shows us the village school. The poet tells us that the schoolmaster, although he was a kind man, looked very stern some times. Each morning the boys gazed at him as soon as he came into school, to see if he were in a good temper. If he happened to say something amusing they laughed very much, partly at the joke, partly because they were delighted to see that he was not cross. Besides, they wished to please him and to keep him in a good temper for the rest of the day; for people are, as a rule, very much pleased when others laugh at their jokes.

Sometimes, however, they could see at once that he was not in the mood to make jokes, and that they must be very careful. Then they dared to speak only in whispers, and were afraid even to smile. Writing of these children of Auburn, the village he is telling us about, Goldsmith says:—

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned."

With these lines of the poet in his mind, an artist, Thomas Webster, painted the two pictures which you can see on the opposite page. In the first picture, when the schoolmaster has said something amusing, the boys do not so much as pretend to be doing their work. They sit at their ease, and their books are put

down. Even the boy with the toothache cheers up a little, and tries to snatch a bite. Perhaps, after all, his toothache is not so bad as he wishes the teacher to think it is. If it were very painful, certainly he would not wish to bite anything. The dunce, too, partly forgets his disgrace and listens.

In the other picture the scene has changed. Instead of smiles we have tears. The toothache has become very much worse. The dunce seems to have had his ears boxed, and lessons

are very hard. Sums won't come right, and spellings refuse to be learned. Frightened looks are cast upon the schoolmaster from behind the lesson books. The

boy seems afraid even to listen. Clearly the schoolmaster will have no trilling to-day, and the boys do not know whose turn it will be to be next called up for punishment.

The artist who painted these pictures was born in Pimlico, which is part of London, in the year 1800. His father, who was in the service of King George the Third, wished to make him a musician, and the boy was taught at St. George's Chapel, in Windsor Castle; but he liked drawing and painting better, and so he became an artist. He often painted boys and girls at school, and the pictures from which our illustrations have been copied were painted in the early

years of Queen Victoria's reign. They can be seen in the Guildhall Art Gallery in London.



THE SMILE.



THE FROWN.

boy who wants to speak to his friend dares to do so only in a whisper, and behind his book; and the next

**NEXT
MONTH**



The Boyhood of David Livingstone.
More about "The Mouse's Castle" for the Little Ones.
More escapades of "The Sunshine Children," Etc., Etc.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Mouse's Castle

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER PIEBALD

THE boy and girl mice were in school, learning how to bite holes neatly, and get into traps and out again without being caught. But Peter Piebald said he would rather go out and play; so off he ran in the summer twilight. He had no one to play games with; still it was fun to run after his own tail and make-believe he was playing "ring-a-ring o' roses," or play "hide-and-seek" with the shadows in the long grass.

But two can play better than one at "hide-and-seek." Peter Piebald took no notice of a swish of wings close by him, till a sharp tweak of his left ear made him wince and dart into a hole in the hedge.

Then he knew that the Oldest Owl, who lived in the east pepper-pot turret, had only missed him by the length of a hair. Peter Piebald shrank back into the hole, and his little heart went pit-a-pat with fright.

"I wish I had used my ears," he said to himself. "I will next time."

The Oldest Owl was very cross with himself for missing Peter Piebald; but there were plenty of mice in the world, so he flew off to find them. After watching for a long time, Peter Piebald came out of his hole and looked round for something else to do.

"I'll be *very* careful this time," he said.

All the while he was playing he kept listening, listening; but he heard nothing to frighten him. Cats make no sound when they are hunting mice. Slowly and softly, Ginger, the big yellow cat, crept through the grass, nearer and nearer to Peter Piebald.

His cruel sharp claws were raised to strike. Peter happened to look up just in time; with a horrified "squeak" he jumped right into a ditch full of brambles—quite a big jump for a little boy mouse.

He was too frightened to move for a long time—not even to look at a nasty scratch in his side where Ginger's claw had touched him.

"I wish I had used my eyes," he whimpered; "I will next time. I'll go and play in the carpenter's shed. There are sure to be crumbs of bread and cheese there too."

So Peter Piebald scrambled out of the ditch and scudded away to the carpenter's shed. There were plenty of nice crumbs on the floor, so he was able to make a good meal.

There was something in a saucer, too—something golden-brown and shining.

"Treacle!" squeaked Peter Piebald gleefully; and in went his two little fore-paws, his whiskers, and his dear little nose.

How quickly he drew back! How he sputtered and blinked his eyes!

"I wish I had used my nose," he gasped; "then I should have found out it wasn't treacle after all!"

It was varnish! Peter Piebald had to get home as best he could, his whiskers dripping with the horrid stuff. He was sneezing all the time, too, for his nose was stinging, and his little fore-toes would stick to everything.

He was so glad to see Mother Mouse watching for him.

"How was I to know I must use my eyes and ears and nose all at once?" he sobbed.

"Because I told you so, my dear," said the Merry Mother Mouse.

Sammy Slowfoot, Timmy Tinytoes, and little Silverstreak were playing "Puss-in-the-Corner;" but Peter Piebald couldn't join in—he was too sticky.

(More next Month.)

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS must attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than September 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for September

SPECIAL NOTICE

Competitors are asked to note particularly the second part of Rule 2. When the competitions are sorted out for judging, those that have not full particulars on them become of no value.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

VERSE COMPETITION

Write a poem of three verses of four lines each about the picture "Heads of Angels" on page 110 of the July number.

A NAME MENU

A host in planning his dinner-party discovered a curious thing: each of his intended guests bore a name that could be changed, by the transposition of the letters, into an article of food. Entering into the spirit of the thing, he made out a menu to suit the occasion. The guests were much puzzled by the menu cards, but after they had changed each name into something to eat they were well pleased with the prospect. How does the menu stand when translated from names into terms of food?

S. E. Story

Val. E. Cuttle	A. O. Pott	Gen. Speare
Abe. Foster	S. Chapin	C. O. Starr
E. Cuttle	E. U. C. Crumb	O. A. Mott
M. U. L. Guppin, D.D.	G. E. Gaus, C.E.	
C. E. Rice, A.M.	Geo. K. S. Capen	
C. S. Craker	H. E. S. Meade, C.E.	
F. E. F. Coe		

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a gramophone, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

Write a story about the picture on the cover of this number of *The Children's Paper*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

When the words indicated in the following list are correctly guessed and placed one above another in the

order given, the initial letters will spell the name of a date well known to all Americans, and the final letters will spell the ideal that is connected with it.

An island in the Pacific, a part of a stove, employed, anger, a snare, a small animal, a name, a crossing, a kind of fibre, a preposition, sixty and ninety, a name for Christmas.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a half-open box of matches, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her which of the "Sunshine Children" you like best, and why.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

Here are three rows of figures. Strike out six figures so that the total of those that are left will be twenty.

111

777

999

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a school bag, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

Prize List for July

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Sheila Scully, Challens Yarde, Easebourne, Midhurst, Sussex. Katie Barnes, Girls' School, Henbury, near Bristol. Alfred Sagar, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—Doreen Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Midhurst; Horace Alfred Daley and Barbara Byerley, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Alice Coates and John R. Douthwaite, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

The value of the large central pearl must have been £3,000. The pearl at one end (from which they increased in value by £100) was £1,400; the pearl at the other end, £600.

Prize-Winners.—Tom Semple, Mossfield House, Gal-loney, Strabane. Frank Ashworth, 132 Royds Street, Rochdale. Alfred M'Donald, Station Cottages, Green-island, Co. Antrim.

Honourable Mention.—William Ashford, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Joe Russell, Victoria Bridge, Strabane.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Harold W. Ellis, Southfield School, London, S.W. 18. Tom Williams, 16 Ornerod Street, Worsthorne, near Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—W. Hewson, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Hubert Whittaker, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

VERSE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Hilda May Holloway, 40 Mimosa Street, Fulham, London, S.W. 6. Gladys Alexander, Southfield School, London, S.W. 18.

Honourable Mention.—Olive Slee, 277 New King's Road, Fulham, S.W. 6; Doris Bray, Elm Cottage, Henbury, near Bristol.

CONCEALED CITIES

The twelve cities were:—Eton, Paris, Dover, Thebes (Tain), Athens, Ephesus, London, Teheran, Rome (Frome), Verona, Nice, Sparta.

Prize-Winners.—Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley. Joan Waite, 55 Catisfield Road, Milton, Portsmouth. Joan Lewis, Sherwood, Pentwyn Villas, Merthyr Tydvil.

Honourable Mention.—Annie Lemon, New Line, Saintfield, Co. Down; William Ashford, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Sybil Plumb, 13 Velder Avenue, Milton, Portsmouth; N. Shannahan, 80 Meon Road, Milton, Portsmouth.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Frederick John Chapple, Southfield School, London, S.W. 18. Harold Shove, 82 St. John's Road, Redhill, Surrey. Bessie Wharton, 119 Adelaide Street, Heywood.

Honourable Mention.—Marjorie Samuel and Marian Prosser, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Cuthbert Efford, Horbury Junction, Wakefield.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Nora Hambly, 112 Orford Road, London, E. 17. Edith Ball, The Stiles, Hesketh Bank, near Preston. Philip Goode, The Whetty, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Isabel Shand and Lilian Ormerod, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; John Hadgkiss and Hilda Bourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Sheila Mary Warburton and Brenda Ormrod, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Mary Darbyshire, Ashley Cottage, Brookledge Lane, Adlington; Frances Long, The Limes, Lydiate Ash, near Bromsgrove.

WORD PUZZLE

The missing words were:—Tars, Star, Arts, Rats; Dame, Made, Mead; Lucre, Cruel, Ulcer; Emit, Time, Mite, Item; Rates, Aster, Tares, Tears; Pins, Snip, Nips.

Prize-Winners.—Norah Shannahan, 80 Meon Road, Portsmouth. Joan Waite, 55 Catisfield Road, Milton, Portsmouth.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Jack Gwilliam, 9 North Street, St. James, Bristol. Brenda Ormrod, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Hilda White Jeffrey, Strathmore, 50 Belgrave Road, Corstorphine.

Honourable Mention.—Marjorie Chapman, 38 Princess Road, Urmston; Barbara Fox, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; John Kent Hartley, Elm Street Council School, Middleton; Rene Gray and Janette Brash, Mount School, Kersal.

Letter Bag

The Editress has received the following kind letter from a young reader of *The Children's Paper* in Japan. I am sure some of our readers in this country would find it most interesting to exchange letters or cards with him.

June 11, '23.

DEAR "THE CHILDREN'S PAPER,"

This is the first year I have taken you, and I like you so much that I hope I can take you for a long time. I like English boys and girls very much, too; and I would like to exchange cards and letters with your readers.

I am a Japanese boy, and I have learned English only three years.

So I cannot write it well, but I will try to do my best. I am always wishing for your success.

One of your most devoted readers,

SADAMICHI TANAKA.

My Address: 28 Kawara-Machi,
Asakusa, Tokyo, Japan.

Barbara Smith.—The Editress thanks Barbara Smith for her kind suggestion with regard to Correspondence Page, and will give it very careful consideration. She is, of course, greatly pleased to know that the contents of *The Children's Paper* are so much enjoyed.

Prize Smile

AN old farmer named Smith saw a motor car for the first time in his life. It whizzed past him, but before he had recovered from his surprise, a motor cycle also passed him. "Weel, weel," cried Smith, "wha'd a thocht a thing like that wad hae a foal?"

Sent in by ANNIE LEMON,
New Line, Saintfield, Co. Down, Ireland,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

A GENTLEMAN who was a member of one of the aristocratic London clubs had his umbrella taken from the rack by some other member. Naturally he was offended, and promptly affixed this notice to the club bulletin board:—

"The nobleman who took away an umbrella not his own on February 20 will please have the goodness to return it to the rack."

The house committee did not like the form of the notice and had the member before them.

"Why should you suppose a nobleman took your umbrella?" they asked him.

"Well," replied the aggrieved member, "the constitution of the club says that the members must be noblemen or gentlemen, and he was no gentleman who took my umbrella."

✦ ✦ ✦

"WELL, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "O, berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Why, you see, missis biled tree eggs for herself, and gib me de brof."



JACK'S GIFT BOOKS



"OUR ISLAND STORY"

Series. 10/6 NET.

Beautiful gift books, printed in bold type, with numerous illustrations in colour and handsomely bound in cloth.

Our Island Story.

By H. E. MARSHALL.

A new History of England for Boys and Girls. With 30 illustrations in colour by A. S. FORREST.

Scotland's Story.

By H. E. MARSHALL.

With 20 original drawings in colour by J. R. SKELTON, J. HASSALL, and SHAW COMPTON.

Our Empire Story.

By H. E. MARSHALL.

With 20 original drawings in colour by J. R. SKELTON.



The Story of France.

By MARY MACGREGOR.

With 20 original drawings in colour by W. RAINEY.



English Literature for Boys and Girls.

By H. E. MARSHALL.

With 20 original drawings in colour by J. R. SKELTON.

A Book of Discovery.

By M. B. SYNGE.

The illustrations in colour and black and white from authentic sources form a unique series.

The World's Story.

By ELIZABETH O'NEILL.

Illustrated in colour and black and white from authentic sources.

A Book of Myths.

By Mrs. JOHN LANG.

Illustrated with 20 drawings in colour by HELEN STRATTON.



Jack Books can be obtained through any Bookseller.

T. C. & E. C. JACK, Ltd., London and Edinburgh

BOOKS from the NELSON LIST



The Anne Anderson Fairy Book. 10/6 net.
Illustrated in colour and black and white by ANNE ANDERSON.

Mrs. Craik's Fairy Book. Illustrated in colour. 6/- net.

Neighbours at School. By ETHEL TALBOT. 5/- net.

The Treasure of Drummer's Head. 5/- net.
By JESSIE L. HERBERTSON.

Betty, the Ugly Duckling. By DORIS A. POCKOCK. 5/ net.
Three splendid stories for girls.

Between Two Schools. By HAROLD AVERY. 5/- net.

Jack o' Langsett. By R. A. H. GOODYEAR. 5/- net.
A school story.

Toddy Scores Again. By ALFRED JUDD. 5/- net.
A school story.

More about P.J., the Secret Service Boy. 5/- net.
By LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON. Equally as good as last year's volume—"P.J., the Secret Service Boy."

The Last Secrets; the Final Mysteries of Exploration. By JOHN BUCHAN. Illustrated. 5/- net.



THE "GOLD STAR SERIES" 3/6 NET

A Series of Handsome Reward Books for Boys and Girls.

For Boys.

Play the Game.
True to his Nickname.
The Minvern Brothers.
Off the Wicket.
Heads or Tails?
Etc.

For Girls.

Rhondda's Holiday.
Whittenbury College.
Bosom Friends.
Vera's Trust.
Lower Fourth.
Etc.



Write for a copy of the New Illustrated Catalogue.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, Ltd., London & Edinburgh

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. [Sept.]

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Name.....
Address.....
.....Age last Birthday.....